CHAPTER XXVI.

pespite his resolution to appear brave, edge uttered a terrible cry. It's a lie! It's a lie! I know noth-about John Oakburn's murder!" he

axton answered calmly. we know where you were every mo-nt on the night of the murder, and

here!"
here! the detective suddenly
to his pocket the coin-bag which
ad found in the closet of Kredge's

on you recognize this, Levi?" he

pection. he prisoner's knees shook, and there an awful expression of terror on his

If face.

Ah, I see you do recognize this moneyg. Shall I tell you where it came
g. Shall I tell you where it came
om? It was in John Oakburn's little
ivate safe until the night before his
urder. Since Oakburn's murder I
und this coin-bag in your room. You
e, Levi, denial is useless. The proof
overwhelming."

You jeering devil!" cried Kredge idenly leaping up from the couch of side of which he had been seated.

seemed that in the azony and mad of the moment he was about to at the detective.

the detective.

kton did not recoil, but his glittersteely eyes met the prisoner's blazrbs, and involuntarily Kredge sank
cowed by the power of the detect-

Second by the power of the decision of the control of the control

guilty.

he detective thought Judith was sinin thinking thus, but the janitor's
at andall Paxton's clews seemed to
cate the fellow's connection with the

It is folly for you, to thus protest innocence. Your only hope is in a ssion," Paxton said.

tell you, once and for all, I have John Oakburn's blood on my hands," ed the janitor, again repeating his

Then it is useless to waste time with u, the law must take its course. But, the way, Levi, where did you get the thousand dollars you thought of inting in Newburgh real estate?

The janitor's jaw fell. He tried to peak, but only an inarticulate sound manated from his lips. He was mo-centarily stricken dumb, it seemed, by his sudden revelation that the detective

w what he must have regarded as a ound secret.

Paxton saw the impression he had ade, and he followed it up.
"You little dream how well informed am regarding your private affairs," set "he seid."

"I don't know what you mean. I am poor man. I never had any money,"

swered Kredge, at last.
"I know all about that. But tell me, hat have you done with Marion Oak-

"I know nothing about the girl. How

Look here, Levi, your lies are wast-I am the man who attempted to Look fiere, Levi, your lies are was to a tempted to secue Marion Oakburn from Malvin's fotel. Now, mark my words, you inernal sooundrel, if that poor girl is armed in any way, I shall exact a fear-ul retribution."

Levi shuddered, but he protested his atire ignorance regarding Marion's hereabouts.

Paxton could not prolong this interriow further, and he believed he had
and an impression on the mind of the
retch which would result as he desired.
The detective counted upon Kredge's
ending for his sister Judith, and imloring her to save him by the revelaion which we know she had informed
im she could make.
When Kredge found bineral

en Kredge found himself alone;
Parton's departure, he gave vent
thoughts in these words:
Judith fails me, it is either hangor a long term of imprisonment,
can save myself from the gallows
omes to that, I think, at the cost of

dues to that, I think, at the cost of tession which will surely condemn

years the meaning of this it was the meaning of this it be that there was some secret dark mystery which no man suslocked in the heart of Levi thi

Helf an hour later, as the guard passible cell, Levi Kredge called to him rough the grating of his cell door.

What's the row?" demanded the ison guard, radely.

I want to east a making a to my sister. I'll pay you to deliver it," answer the prisoner. "Mr. Stammere, you lorget yourself,"
said Payton, and then to Judith Kredge;
"Go on, give us the proof of this inoredible securation of yours."
"I will tell you all," replied the womesat. "On the hight of the murder I was
lik, and I left my room at about 10 clock
and wast to Marion's room to present
some machinia. To my suggests Marion
that has her happy. I heard a second

the prisons.

Il right, "and the guard, or inst the control of the

below, and looking over the rail at the head of the stairs I saw Marion come out of the office with a pistol in one hand and a sheet of paper overed with writing in the other. I watched her and saw her steal up the stairs and enter her room where she concealed the pistol in the bottom of her trunk, and it is there now

"What do you mean? I have not called at Oakburn's since I fled?" said Levi

in amazement.
An explanation ensued, and great was

Judith's wrath when she understood how the detective had deceived her. "But to business!" cried Levi, inter-

rupting her as she was heaping maledictions on Faxton's devoted head. "I am in deadly peril. I am accused of John Oakburn's murder, and the detective has a terrible array of circumstantial bytidence to bring against me."

"What is his evidence?"

"What is his evidence?"

Kredge enumerated the points Paxton had mentioned in support of his accusation with two exceptions. He omitted to mention the coin-bag which had been

found in his apartment, and the ter

"I am in mortal dread. This evidence will hang me; I fear, sinless you can save way You said you could. You told me

me. You said you could. You told me you could name the assassin. Will you do so? Will you save me, Judith?" in conclusion, Levi said, earnestly.

difficulty."

"I'll not forget you if you do."

"The time has come when I must reveal who the guilty one is," said Judith.
They, continued to converse for some time, but when Judith finally left him

Levi was more reassured and hopeful.

"Judith really believes she knows the assassin. She will save me. But she

does not even suspect the truth, "nut-tered Kredge, when he was alone.
That very morning Paxton had caused the city to be flooded with notices offer-ing a reward for any information as to the whereabouts of Marion Oakburn.
When Judith left Levi's cell and took her departure from the prison she saw

her departure from the prison she saw and read with seeming interest one of Paxton's reward notices. Judith had resolved not to delay in

making the revelation which she be-lieved would result in exculpating her brother, and she proceeded directly to

Proteer, and see proceeded the seed of Paxton's office.

At the detective's office Paxton himself, Stanmore and Stuart Harland were in council when Judith Kredge appeared. At the sight of the janitor's sister than the seed of the motive of her

Paxton anticipated the motive of her visit, and he felt an exultant thrill traverse his nerves.

"I am Judith Kredge, as you doubtless

know, and I have something important to tell about John Oakburn's murder,

"I have always been devoted to Marior Oakburn, and I have loved her and Berved her faithfully for many years For her dear sake I would cheerfully

You loved her so well you even con

sented to take care of all her money for

danger."
Then Judith continued:
"Much as I love Marion, when it comes to choose between her and my own flesh and blood, nature rules. Had not I Lavi been wrongfully arrested, and

oot Levi been wrongfully arrested, and did not circumstances unjustly awaket a suspicion against him, I would not now betray my dear Marion."

"What do you mean, woman?" thun

Patience! patience!" admonis

Judith Kredge did not heed Stanmor

excited words.
She continued calmly:
"To shield Marion Oakburn, I hav
kepts terrible secret: To save my ow
brother I will confess it." She paused
and there was a moment of breathles

Stuart was on his feet, and he seem

to swait the woman's next words with such anxiety as only one in his situation sould feel. He thought her revelation might be his own vindication. "How shall I say it? I know who killed John Oakburn," Judith went on. "Who is the assassin? The name! the name!" demanded Paxton, esperly.

the name!" demanded Paxton, eagerly.
"Marion Oakburni She killed her
own father," said the woman,
Stanmore sprang to his feet, and
searcely knowing what he did in the exolitement of the moment he setzed Judith
by the arm, as he hitsed:
"It's a liel an infamous lie!"
"It's a liel an infamous lie!"
"Tou are a brave must to insuit a woman," retorted Judith; Stanmore's face
flushed, and realising his conduct he released her.

OHAPTHE XXVII

dered Stanmore.

Paxton.

make any personal sacrifice,"

Judith.

said the woman, abruptly.

"We shall be glad to receive any formation," replied Paxton, calmly.

Stuart Harland was very much tited, and Stanmore showed his emot with her of the control of the control

difficulty.

les; I mean to get you out of this

"After that she came to my room; and with pretended anxiety about her father induced me to go down to the office, where we found the old man dead. Now you know why I think Marion Oakburn is guilty."

Thus concluded Judith Kredge.

"It is all a clever invention, no doubt, and if there is a pistol in Marion Oak-burn's trunk I suspect you put it there," said Paxton.

"This is no more than I might have not sufficiently answered Judith, with sears injured air. While she was making her revelship tion, Stuart Harland was intensely agears

tated.

Thus far he had kept the secret thased he had seen Marion leave the office owns the night of the murder, but now since the truth was revealed by the janitor's sir ead ter he felt that it was his duty to relatuds.

what he knew. One moment, Mr. Paxton, I believ you are too hasty. I, too, have con cealed a certain item of knowledg her regarding this crime, because I did noath, wish to bring suspicion and disgraqip; upon one whom I believe to be innoced Matdespite the evidence of my own sigh, and the subject of the character, est; said Stuart Harland.

This is becoming interesting," salqık Paxton.

manded Stanmore. , of Listen, sir," answered Stuart, andere deman "Listen, sir," answered Stuart, andere then he went on to relate how on the her hight of the murder, as he was leaving the house just after the crime must have at been committed, he saw Marion step out of the office with a paper in one hand, and something from which the of light glinted as though it might have st, been reflected from a polished metallic rs.

He also told how frightened Marion is looked, and how she had fied up the rear setal rs.

sta'rs.

In conclusion he said:

Atter all, I have so much confidence in \(\)\(\) arion, as I have said, that I believe there is some explanation of her conduct yet to be made which will leave us all without doubt of her innocence.

As Sianmore listened to Stage land's story he made hards.

cence."
As Sianmore listened to Stuart Har-land's : tory he uttered a groan and buried his face in his hands.

Both Stuart and Paxton regarded him wond ringly, and they asked them-selves:
"What is Marion Oakburn to Mr. Stan-more?"

more?"

As Stuart concluded, Stanmore arose and he looked as though the room was stifling him, as though he could not breathe, and he went out reeling like a drunken ma unken ma». 'Have I done right in telling all this?"

asked Stuart of Paxton.
"You have. Justice demands that all possible light should be cast upon this case," answered the detective.

Judith Kredge seemed delighted at Stuart's unexpected confirmation of her

'Now you will believe me!" she cried.

"Now you will believe me!"—she cried.
"Yes, we believe your statement that
you saw Marion Oakburn as described,
but we do not yet admit her guilt as
proven," answered Paxton.
"If more evidence is wanted, it is furnished by her flight. She ran away because she became alarmed and feared
she would be arrested," continued Judith.

dith

"And so you are guilty of compounding a felony, Miss Judith," said Paxton suddenly.
"I—I don't comprehend." "I—I don't comprehenu.
"I presume not. Let me refresh your lemory. Marion Oakburn bribed you

Paxion commented, sneeringly, Judith looked frightened, for she had not suspected Paxton had the knowledge his words implied.

She did not resume her statement unmemory. marion Uakburn bribed you to keep it a secret that you saw her leave the office on the night of the murder." "No! No!" "If you know anything to help yo brother's cause, or to explain the mu der mystery, do not delay in making known. I assure you Levi's neck is danger."

"No! No!"
"I know it is true. You wrung the last dollar she possessed from that poor girl, and I also suspect you compelled her to give you her jewelry."
"It is false."

"We have a faculty for making discoveries. I know all about your bank account, and I have seen Marion Oakburn's locket which was pawned by

you."
"I deny it."
"It will do you no good to deny what "it will do you no good to deny what we can prove. It is a criminal offense to compound a felony, or in other words to conceal a crime. If you expect any mercy at my hands, truthfully answer my questions. Do you know where Levi was at the time of the murder?"

"No, sir," answered Judith.
"Do you know where Marion Oak-

"Do you know where Marion Oak burn is?"
"No."

Paxton reflected for a moment in this

Taxton reflected for a moment in this wise:

"Since she has a powerful motive in seeking to place the crime on some one besides her brother, were it not that Stuart Harland has confirmed her story. I should not credit it. And yet if Marion Oakburn is innocent, why "did she bribe Judth to keep her secret?"

Presently he said to Judth:
"We will excompany you home. I want to see the pistol you say is concealed in Marion Oakburn's trunk."

Judith assented.

As they were leaving the office, Stanmore re-entered, and being informed of their contemplated visit to Oakburn's spartment, he accompanied them.

Upon their arrival at the house, Judith ed the way directly to Marion's room, and the others followed her.

Extering Marion's apartment, Judith esdit, pointing to a trunk:
"Search for yourselves:"
The trunk was locked, but Pagton forced the lid; and in a moment he discovered a strange-looking pistoj of large caliber at the bottom of the trunk.

It was indeed the very wespon that Marion Oakburn concealed there on the night of the murder.

Except Parton examined it.

"It is an air plato," he said in a mo-

gat or the murder. Eagerly Parton examined it. "It is an air pistol," he said in a mo-

ment.
Then producing the large poculiar
hance bullet which had ocused John

Oakburn's death he added:

"Now for the amount test. If this is
the pistol from which the abot that killed
Oakburn was discharged, this bullet
will fit it."

will fit it."

Then he tried the bullet in the pistol.

There was no lenger a doubt.

The bullet fitted the pistol perfectly.

"We have found the weapon with which
Oakburn was tilled," said Paxton, now
fully convinced on this point.

"I told you so," said Judith, triumphently.

"I told you so," said Judith, trumpnantly.

This is all a conspiracy. If Marion Oakburn was guilty, common prudence would have told her not to leave the pistol behind when she left her home."

"Assuming that she was abducted, she had no opportunitate was the caused it, is grayness. People acquainted with a long-vity, customs, etc., of deer said it must have been a hundred year.

The hoofs extended two inchests. The hoofs extended two inches the repworth League Omega, up

Last Sunday evening an intere installation service of Epworth Le Officers was conducted in the M. church. Following are the name officers installed:

President, Raymond E. Smith 1st Vice President, Miss Flor Cochrane.

2nd Vice President, Miss Miss Brown.

3rd Vice President, Miss Floree Stephens. Secretary, Miss Mande Williams

Treasurer, Burdette Hann. Organist, Miss Roxie Carpenter. Superintendent of Junior Leag Miss Fannie Spaulding.

The J. A. Robinson Estate

Wilbur F. Mead has been appoint administrator of the estate of Mr. a Mrs. J. A. Robinson, lately decer Mr. Mead, who was a brother of M Robinson, has also been appointed gua

dian for Miss Grace Robinson.

Taxton was folding the bank note to place it in his pocket-book, when he made a discovery that was a complete surprise. He saw the bill was marked precisely like the money which had disappeared from Garrison's office on the night of the murder.

appeared from Yagrison's office on the night of the murder.

Paxton concealed the excitement this discovery naturally occasioned him, and, by dint of skillful inquiries, he succeeded in eliciting the information that the marked bank note had been received from Marion Oakburn, who frequently made purchases at the little shop.

shop.

"How is it that you are able to "How is it that you are able to say positively from whom you received this particular note?" asked the detective, when the little old shop-keeper had told him he had it from Marlon.

"Because when I received it I gave it to my wife, and this morning I borrowed it back from her. She will tell you the same. Is it not so, Sarah?" answered the little old man.

Thus appealed to the aged shopkeeper's wife at once confirmed her husband.
Paaton left the shop with his mind burdened with this new source of perplexity.

Patton left-the shop with his mind burdened with this new source of perplexity.

"The case grows stronger and stronger against Marion. When shall I get at the real truth of the affair—when shall I know who murdered the old cashier?" he said in monologue.

Patton was seated in his office that same night when a messenger boy called and delivered a note, which the detective hastily read and as he perused it he seemed to be somewhat excited.

"This matter must be looked to at once!" he exclaimed, and he hurriedly left the office.

Patton went directly to Judith Kredge, whom he found at the apartments lately tenanted by John Oakburn and hisdaughter.

He had received a surprising communication from the woman, but he suspected a plot, and he was on his guard.

The detective was about to hear a disclosure which he most desired, and Judith Kredge had resolved upon a bold move. A crisis was impending.

The Coming Fruit Country.

The Coming Fruit Country

The Coming Fruit Country.
Oregon fruit-growers say that Oregon is to be the greatest fruit-growing State of the Union. One fruit expert says that Italian prunes grown in the Willamette Valley are superior to those grown in Italy. The climate, he says, is like the great fruit region of Asia Minor. One fruit region of Asia Minor. One grower has planted about 15,000 prune trees in 150 acres in the Willa-mette, and it is said that prunes and other fruits are being planted in thousands of other farms. That part of the State promises to be a vast fruit orchard in the near future.

Improving Honey.

Honey could be immensely improved by the planting of the flowers known to yield a fine flavored negtar. Everyone knows the difference in the quality of the comb contents in different parts of the same country and ferent parts of the same country and in different regions. The Narbonne honey obtains its fine flavor by being harvested chiefly from labiate plants, such as resembly, etc., and though it appears that the Maltese honey does not, as is often stated, owe its die aroma to orange blossoms, the latter undeniably performes Graak honex.

Unit total production of grain in the United States this year is placed at 8,527,379,600 bushels, an increase over the yield of 1894 of 1,091,360,600 bush-English farmers may well con clude that their best plan is to emigrate to America, for competition is no longer possible in their occupation.

The man who undertakes to get a liv ing by his wits would have a more reg-ular supply of bread if he would de-pend more on his muscle. A Deat City of Carlon

As I gazed, the moon rose si the sky, a burnished shield of liquid light. Her long white rays glittered upon the solemn forest, and penetrated the far recesses of the hills, trailing a broad pathway of silver over the wate till it was lost at last in the distant shadows of the mountain.

As if drawn by some spell, I walked slowly towards the lake till I stood a the broad still sheet of water. There, to the right, between the mountain and the shore, lay the rains of the city of the long dead past. Flooded by the moonlight, it swam in a haze of glory, each mound of decaying stone crowned with trees, each crumbling wall clothed with a garment of nature's own provid-

It had been no puny city. Far up the mountain's lower slope, far back to where the hills drew down to the shore, the long succession of its ruins extended-here in great shapeless me that stood alone, a few broken shafts and shattered pediments still standing out, clear, sharp-cut, and angular, in the silver light, there in the logg ranges of crumbling walls, through which vast fig-trees shot up their wealth of leaves, that marked the course of some broad avenue which went on and on till it lost itself in the white distance

Curious Aceident.

Assistant Manager A. R. Dupern, of the Alameda. Oakland and Piedmont Street Railway Cympany, had his yestrows, cyclashes and hair burned off, the result of a curious accident.

Mr. Dupern was explaining to one of the employees in the company's power-house on Webster street, Alameda, a plan, the drawing of which he had in his hand. He referred to some changes to be made in the wires which conduct electricity in the cars. Mr. Dupern dropped a brass rule which he had in his hand. It fell upon a "live" wire. A flash of lightning instantly issued from the wire. It flamed up with such force as to set fire to the paper which Mr. Dupern was poring over. workman fled.

A yell of agony from the assistant manager called the attention of other employees to the scene. They found Mr. Dupern writhing in pain. His eyebrows, eyelashes and portions of the hair around his face had been burned-away. He could not see, and for a while he feared that his eyesight had

been destroyed. Mr. Dupern's assistants put him in a carriage and brought him to the Reng Hospital. There remedies applied to the suffering man, ceiving Hospital. and he soon found some relief.

Silk Manufacture

The manufacture of silk in the United States began less than forty years ago at Paterson, N. J., in a small room over a machine shop. The industry has grown to immense proportions, the factories occupying hundreds of acres, and their annual output of finished goods now amounts to \$20,-000,000. The raw silk market of the world amounts to \$400,000,000 annually, one-quarter of which is imported into this country.

From the small beginning of two de cades ago there are now 400 sllk manufacturing establishments in operation. The 400 factories employed 51,000 ple, and the annual wages paid was \$19,000,000. There were also fifty-two-establishments for dyeing and finishing goods, with a capital stock of about \$2,500,000, paying \$1,254,798 in wages.

We are now manufacturing every We are now manufacturing every article made in older silk countries, and our goods are classed as fully equal to the foreign product. American inventive genius has wrought maryelous improvements in mechanism, speed and artistic effect. I proved machinery for the manufacturing of th ure of silk, invented and made Connecticut firm, is being shipped England, Russia, Switzerland a England. and Japan, and is accorded a high standard of excellence.

Chameleon Spiders

An interesting instance of colored mimicry in spiders has been observed in the south of France. The spidera that region when in search of prey hide convolvulus flowers. It has been noticed that a white variety of spider frequented the white flowers, a greenish colored variety made the green flowers his home, and a pink one lived principally in the pink flowers. at first supposed to be permanent, but it has recently been discovered that the celor of any of these spiders changes within a few days if the insect be place ed in the convolvulus of a different colored flower to that which he has been using as his home. Four spiders, nink, white, green and yellow in colo were all put in a box together, and within three days all were white.

Six years ago W. S. Doty, of Detroit, was robbed of a gold watch and some cash. The other day he bought a second-hand mattress, and Mrs. Doty, while on a hunt for moths, found the watch concealed in the mattress.